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OLD AGE

Birthday Poems

BY A. T. LOWE.



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A. V. Lowe

OLD AGE

BIRTHDAY POEMS

BY A. T. LOWE

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THINKING it may be gratifying to the relatives and friends of my father to have a collection of the birth-day poems, composed by him for a number of years previous to his removal to the other world, I have printed them in this pamphlet.

A portion of the last poem has been omitted on account of its length.

I have also printed here the obituary notice which appeared in the *New-Jerusalem Magazine* of September, 1888, written by his pastor, Rev. James Reed; also the article concerning him published in the *Boston Daily Journal* of July 5, 1888.

LEWIS G. LOWE.

BOSTON, Feb. 25, 1889.

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ABRAHAM T. LOWE

[*From the New Jerusalem Magazine, September, 1888.*]

By the death of Abraham Thompson Lowe, which took place in Ashburnham, Mass., July 4, 1888, a striking and familiar figure is removed from Boston streets, and from the visible membership of the Boston Society of the New Jerusalem. He was born four years before the beginning of the present century, on August 15, 1796, and was therefore at the time of his decease a little less than ninety-two years old. His native place was Ashburnham, and he was the son of Dr. Abraham Lowe, a practising physician of that town. He himself in early life followed the same profession, being fitted therefor at Dartmouth College, where in 1816 he received the degree of M. D. For the greater part of nine years he practised medicine in Ashburnham, at the end of which time he removed to Boston. Here he continued to reside, with some interruptions, during the remainder of his natural life.

Coming to Boston in 1825 Dr. Lowe entered at once on a mercantile career. He established himself in the drug business, being joined soon afterwards by Mr. Sampson Reed. In 1839 the firm of Lowe & Reed was brought to an end, by the withdrawal of the senior partner; but the house has continued in successful operation to the present time under various names, having included among its managers, beside Mr. Reed, Dr. Benjamin F. Wing, Mr. Thomas

Reed, and Messrs. William J., George, and E. Waldo Cutler, the last three being nephews of Dr. Lowe.

After his retirement from regular business, Dr. Lowe gave his attention to various matters of public and private interest. He was a director in several financial corporations, and served in the Boston city government and the Massachusetts Legislature. From 1849 to 1859 he resided in Bridgewater. In the latter year the Safety-Fund Bank of Boston was instituted, and he was made its President. This bank afterwards became the First National, and has had an exceptionally prosperous career. Dr. Lowe remained at its head until 1881, and continued till his death on its board of directors.

Our friend was a calm, cautious, and sagacious man of business, whose judgment was greatly respected by all who were brought into commercial relations with him. But comparatively few of these associates were aware of his literary tastes, and of the wide range of his interests and pursuits. He was the author or compiler of several published volumes, among them two school-books, a work on the "Vegetable Materia Medica," and the excellent little collection of essays, entitled "Fragments of Physiology," which appeared in 1877, when he was over eighty years of age. He also contributed a number of articles to this MAGAZINE. In the volume for 1853, or number 26 of the old series, I find a paper on "Physiology;" two years later, one on "Language;" in 1868, one on "Skepticism;" beside others which might be named. Some of them were first delivered as lectures before the Boston Society or the Massachusetts Association.

These productions are a partial indication of the interest which he felt in spiritual and religious matters. He united

with the Boston Society in 1835, and for the fifty-three remaining years of his life was a devoted and consistent member of the New Church. Simple and unassuming in all his ways of life, he belonged to a class of men, by no means too numerous, who make small outward show of their religion, but are none the less earnest and sincere. His deep regard for the Church and her doctrines, and for all that concerns her welfare, was especially noticeable during the comparative retirement of the last seven years, when the cares of business ceased to press upon him. In his will he bequeathed to the Convention's Theological School, \$3,000 ; and to the Boston Society, \$5,000 for the reduction of the Church debt, and \$3,000 for the benefit of the deserving poor.

Dr. Lowe always cherished a strong affection for his native hills, and for many years past has spent at least a portion of the summer among them. In accordance with his wish, oft repeated during the last winter and spring, when his memory of things in general had become dormant and inactive, he was removed from Boston to Ashburnham as early as practicable the present season, and there he passed away unconsciously in a quiet sleep. His only surviving son, Dr. Lewis G. Lowe, well known to members of the New Church in Massachusetts, was with him at the time of his decease, having been aided by his wife and children in the performance of every filial office during the last brief space of weakness and decline.

DR. ABRAHAM T. LOWE

[*From the Boston Evening Journal.*]

THE death of Dr. Abraham T. Lowe, at Ashburnham, which took place on the Fourth of July, removes a familiar figure from the business and social circles of Boston, as well as of his native town, where he died at the age of 91 years, 10 months, 19 days. Enjoying a longer lease of life than the majority are privileged to have, he continued even in his later years the active duties to which he was attached, while his genial manners and kindly acts were ever unabated. He belonged to a long-lived race, three of his grand-parents reaching their ninety-fourth year, and with this hereditary feature to extend his years attained numerous special distinctions. He was, for instance, the oldest living representative of the Legislature of Massachusetts, and of the graduates of any department of Dartmouth College, and was among the oldest living Masons of the country, having joined the order in 1817. For more than half a century he has been a firm believer in the doctrines of the New-Jerusalem Church, and for all of that time has been a member of the Society on Bowdoin Street, Boston. For about a quarter of a century he had been connected with the First National Bank of Boston, and for more than a score of years was its president. Born in Ashburnham, Mass., Aug. 15, 1796, about seven months before the second term of President Washington

expired, Abraham T. Lowe had lived under the administration of every President of the United States. He was the son of Dr. Abraham and Charlotte (Hale) Lowe, his father having been a resident of Lunenburg previous to 1786, when he removed to Ashburnham and there continued to reside, enjoying highest respect until his death in 1834. Abraham, the son, attended the academy at New Ipswich, and afterwards Dartmouth College, where in 1816 he received the degree of M. D. For a year he practised in Chelsea, Vt., and then removed to Ashburnham. It was at the solicitation of his father that he took up practice in his native town, and during his nine years there his circuit extended into Westminster and other adjoining towns. Of his professional duties at this time Dr. Lowe has said, "My duties called me, I believe, almost without exception, into every house and family in town. I knew the direction and condition of every road, bridle-path, and passable cross-cut way. I never while in health declined a professional visit. I rode on horseback, in a light wheel carriage or sleigh, to meet the requirements of the season or state of the travelled ways; but there were times when travelling in either of these modes was impracticable; then I took to my rackets, or Indian snow-shoes, and I have frequently in this manner made visits both in and out of town." In the latter part of 1825 he removed to Boston, and here opened an apothecary shop on Court Street, afterwards taking as partner Sampson Reed, the firm of Lowe & Reed, wholesale druggists, continuing for twelve years at the head of the trade in this country. From 1839 to 1859 Dr. Lowe devoted his time to the positions of trust and responsibility that his fidelity and uprightness brought under his care, leaving for that purpose his

regular business. For one year he was a member of the School Committee, and for six years of the Board of Aldermen, serving in the latter capacity under Mayors Chapman and Martin Brimmer. The only survivor now of those boards on which Dr. Lowe served, from 1840 to 1844 inclusive, is Mr. Charles Amory. For four terms Dr. Lowe was doing duty for the State in the Massachusetts Legislature, his first election being in 1825. In all this public career every duty was faithfully discharged to his honor and to his constituents' benefit. For ten years prior to 1859 Dr. Lowe was a citizen of Bridgewater. In that year he became interested in the organization of the Safety-Fund Bank of Boston, and was elected its first president, continuing at its head, after it became the First National Bank, until 1881, with unerring judgment and far-seeing shrewdness. In the literary walks of life he was not inactive, finding time, even in the midst of his most pressing duties, for authorship. In early life he prepared the school-books known as "The Columbian Class Book," and "The Second Class Book," and afterwards wrote a volume on "Observations on the Medicinal Agencies of the Vegetable Materia Medica," following that up in 1877 by his "Fragments of Physiology." For some years, during his later life, each birthday would see the publication of an anniversary poem from his pen. His love of learning was very great, leading him to become a good linguist as well as student of literature, and always giving him an interest in educational matters. He was one of the original Trustees of Cushing Academy at Ashburnham, and for years was its President, succeeding Ex-Governor Bullock in that office. An early advocate of internal improvements, he manifested much favor for the

proposed construction of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, and headed the list of subscribers for that pioneer enterprise. He subscribed, too, for the stock of the Western Railroad, from Worcester to Albany, and was one of the Directors during its construction, and subsequently a Director of the Boston and Worcester and of the Fall River Railroads. Always to the front in matters of public interest, he well merited the high esteem and affection of friends and associates. Dr. Lowe was the last survivor of his generation in his immediate family, and but one child, Dr. Lewis G. Lowe, survives him.

OLD AGE

BIRTHDAY POEMS

$$1879 - 1796 = 83$$

WITH steady, yet resistless, force,
Time onward moves his even course ;
And now, in figures plain, I see
He states my age at eighty-three.
These thirteen years, above the rate
Assigned to man's primeval state,
Seem years of mercy from above,
To purify our higher love ;
A length'ning boon, in kindness given,
To fit us for the joys of heaven !

The term of years vouchsafed to men,
Is reckoned at three score and ten ;
And all who seventy years survive,
Thereafter "rather sigh than live" !
A "sacred song," in metre good,
But based on words misunderstood,

Says all the age, plus foreshore years,
Are days of sorrow, pain, and tears !

Heed not the language used above ;
All ages are the gift of love ;
Of Love Divine, which blesses ever, —
A constant love which curses never ; —
Heed not the word ! for man improves,
Despite of age, who truly loves
Life's highest duties, — who extends
A helping hand to foes and friends.

What blessings Love and Wisdom give !
We live to die, but die to live
The life immortal ! — some on earth
Have foretastes of this heavenly birth.

$$1881 - 1796 = 85$$

TIME, never tired, with scythe and glass,
Maintains his march ;—how quick years pass !
No earthly power affects his force,
Can hasten, or retard, his course,
He counts the years of all alive,
And states my age at eighty-five :
Four score and five ! what joys, what woes,
Their truthful record might disclose !
What deeds of charity appear,
And kindly acts from self-love clear ;
What timely aid to foes, or friends,
And what to further private ends ?

Man is the offspring of his love ;
Kindly, or cold, his life may prove ;
When social, and from self-love free,
He personates true charity ;
Observes the GOLDEN RULE, and stands
Ready to aid, with outstretched hands,
The friend, or stranger, he may find
Whose fate, or fortune, seems unkind.
Self-love disclaims all brotherhood,
Nor ever thinks of others' good,
But combats, with persistent strife,
The highest, noblest aims of life.

His heart warms not ; no hand he moves,
Save to advance his worldly loves ;
Esteeming only those as friends,
Who serve as slaves his selfish ends ;
And toiling thus from hour to hour,
Insatiate ! pants for SOVEREIGN power !

O haste the time ! renew the birth
Of earliest happiness on earth ;
When peace and innocence, again,
And love of doing good shall reign ;
Those halcyon states of life restore,
To guide and bless us evermore !

When on the Mount the LORD shall make
A feast, of which all may partake,
Of fat things, full of marrow stored ;
Wine, well refined, to crown the board ;
Where vines and fig-trees form the shade,
And none intrusive make afraid, —
When good-will stands where self-love stood,
And strives to do his neighbor good ;
When love of uses reappears,
Hail we these coming, crowning years !

And now let all good men engage
To greet this second GOLDEN AGE !
Return it must, and thus record
The fulfilled promise of the LORD :
That first, bless'd state of manhood, even
Earth's brightest type of life in heaven !

$$1882 - 1796 = 86$$

TIME adds to all who dwell on earth,
Each passing moment from their birth ;
And, on his ever faithful page,
He writes the sum of each one's age ;
Their virtues notes, their helpful words
His ready, truthful pen records ;
And when men fall, in evil times,
States both their follies and their crimes.
Upon Time's roll my age appears :
Four score and six, he counts my years !
These length'ning days swell the amount
For which I am to give account
Of upright aim, or time misused,
Of years improved, or age abused.
Thus Time displays, since time began,
The outward history of man.

Not on the tablets of the mind
Can we a trusty record find ;
The secrets of man's life are known,
While here on earth to him alone ;
Nor could each one his own relate,
But in accordance to his state.
Evil maintains a constant strife
With all true harmonies of life ;

While self so rules the human mind,
That some excuse for crime men find :
Others on earth their follies hide,
And thus with better men abide ;
And when with these familiar grown,
Claim other's virtues as their own.

While here we live, in forms of clay,
Some wrong their kindred, day by day,
But, when we drop this earthly mask,
None need his comrade's purpose ask ;
Then each, all other minds, may trace,
As written in his neighbor's face.

There is a language of the mind —
Not vocal, although well defined —
Which man, from earthly fetters free,
May speak, in truth and charity ;
May write the same, in spirit-light,
In living letters, clear and bright,
Which, so far human types exceed,
That even he who runs may read :
An eloquence is in each face,
Which gives, to each and all, their place,
Points out those duties which commence
When man is freed from time and sense,
From selfish cares and worldly strife,
And love is seen the crown of life ;
When doing good to others, even,
Will be esteemed the joy of heaven.

Life flows from love, in every age,
Throughout man's longest pilgrimage ;
With life comes strength, with freedom, power,
To render service, every hour :
And e'en when human strength may fail,
If love of usefulness prevail,
When manual power is nearly spent,
Kind heaven for deed will take th' intent.

Sometimes we see, in ripened age —
No strength remaining to engage
In earth's stern duties — quick'ning love
Strive, with high purpose, to improve ;
To search, if possible, to find
Some latent evil of the mind ;
T' amend the same : thus end the strife,
Through victory, which crowns man's life !
Which bids the enfranchised spirit come
Within his heavenly, happy home !
Where order reigns, in courts above,
Of mutual use and mutual love.

$$1883 - 1796 = 87$$

WHATEVER may the world betide,
 And all that therein may abide,
 If plenty come, with liberal hand,
 To spread her blessings through the land,
 If famine rise, or bitter strife
 Distract the harmonies of life —
 If charity man's life engage,
 Or cruelty its warfare wage,
 If love, or hatred, visit home,
 Kindness to bless, or curse to come, —
 If order rule, or mere brute force —
 TIME, undisturbed, maintains his course !
 Freely to man his lessons gives,
 When man, in kindness, these receives.

Rich blessings TIME retains, in store
 For man's behoof, forevermore ;
 Heaven's ministry, to all that live,
 Who heed the precepts he may give ;
 Man, who these teachings will improve,
 May thus renew his life and love ;
 But if neglected — to his cost,
 His opportunity is lost !

Sad were those days, when man first strove
 To crush the power of mutual love ;

A love celestial, in its birth,
Which formed the *Paradise* of earth ;
Earth's earliest church, whose members, even,
Enjoyed their near approach to heaven
Uncounted years, in EDEN ! when
Peace ruled on earth, good-will to men.
Then, each to all, together stood ;
Each striving for his neighbor's good :
Thus was the BIBLE truth displayed —
Scarce less than angels, men were made !

When perfect order ruled on earth
With man, angelic in his birth —
When he, for uses, ever strove,
Earth was the type of life and love !
Such will its likeness be again
If heavenly order shall thus reign.

But self-love came, in darkest hour,
Thirsting for rule, for sovereign power !
Came into EDEN's blest abodes ;
Taught men they could be, should be, gods ;
That earth belonged to man, alone,
And should be governed, as his own !
Thus should he, who in rule delights,
Rise in his strength and claim his rights.

So far as selfishness increased,
Love to the LORD and neighbor ceased ;
But when love trembled, to its fall,
Then sin and sorrow came to all.

Then came the promise, through the WORD,
Of earth's first blessings all restored.

But here the skeptic comes again,
And asks, in his satiric strain,
If men of sanity believe —
What strongest faith can scarce receive —
That ASTREA, while time may stand,
Will come again, to bless the land —
That she *will* come, and thus restore
The EDEN, which was lost of yore?
See men again in happiest mood,
When each one seeks his neighbor's good?

“Such promises,” the doubters show,
“Were made some thousand years ago,
Still unfulfilled ! yet are there some
Who wait in faith, for these to come?
If such there be, their faith sure, proves
Stronger than that which mountains moves !”

Despite all doubts the critics raise,
We look for coming, happier days :
Look for them ? — see them, bless the LORD !
Come, in accordance with His Word ;
See deeds of charity increase,
And all those things that make for peace ;
See mutual love, in stronger force,
With happier families, of course ;
And feel our inmost pulses move
Responsive to a higher love !

Are private wars, each must engage,
Or, outward conflict nations wage,
Or, broken faith, envy, or strife,
Sure signs of a declining life?
Such, in their presence, they appear,
While heavenly blessings may be near,
Even as the sombre shades of night
Precede the morning's heavenly light !
Which causes mankind to rejoice,
With one consenting, chanting voice ;
Which notes the happy birds prolong,
In their accordant, matin song ;
All beings who in order move,
Delight in morning life and love.

Evil and good are in the land,
With their activities, in hand !
Where these powers meet, their combat comes,
To bless, or blast, our several homes :
To bless, if justice gain the fight ;
If evil, then our hopes to blight :
Thus, should a war, which in their rage,
Millions, with other millions, wage,
The heaven-born rights, of millions more,
To crush, forever, or restore ! —
If freedom, thus the victory gains,
Strikes, from these millions, all their chains,
A nation's manhood, thus reclaimed,
Exceeds the cost, that may be named : —
How many of us, so delighted,
A nation's wrong being surely righted,

Broke forth in song — it well became us —
TE DEUM, *semper nos laudamus!*

All conflicts, hatred, envy, strife,
All that debases human life,
The pains and penalties of sin,
Come from the moral wrong, within !
In nations thus, as well as man,
Since time from EDEN's fall began !
Still welcome conflict, if it come,
To give to man a Christian home.
For freedom's gain may banish fears,
An agony, perhaps of years,
Raise man, at once, from darkest night,
To joyful morning's blessed light !

Now kindlier deeds of life abound,
And, man to man, more helpful found ;
The spirit-sense of life revealed,
Which, hitherto, has been concealed ;
Concordant truths, in clearer light,
Appear to him who reads aright ;
And which, to all who prize the WORD,
A signal blessing must afford.

When mutual love shall rule the earth,
Then shall new EDENS take their birth ;
And ASTREA, *goddess* — such her name —
Will then resume her sword of flame :
No sword earth's warfare to increase,
But that of love, which tends to peace !

The poets, of most ancient date,
Speak of the first, *Saturnian* state,
Where happy days were ever found,
Through countless years recurring round :
And thus, they say, throughout this time,
Neither calamity, nor crime,
Nor pains, nor penalties, were found
Within their broad, *Saturnian* bound !
Till EDEN left her blest abodes,
And strove for empire—would be gods !
But the same poets, in accord,
Foretold a PARADISE restored,
Where kindness, peace, shall dwell again,
And love for others once more reign.

But how should all men now rejoice
To hear HEAVEN'S higher, cheering voice,
These golden words, forever true :
“ Behold, now all things I make new ! ”

Whate'er mythology may state,
Poets, philosophers, relate,
Or men, angelic, strive to prove
These coming days, of life and love—
Let all these in abeyance stand ;
With heaven's high witness in our hand :
For what can skeptic's language prove,
Against the words of LIFE and LOVE ?
What are the tests, these men afford,
Against the words : “ Thus saith the LORD ? ”
That, on the Mount, HEAVEN will restore

Feasts for all nations, evermore !
Feasts, full of marrow, ever laid
Beneath the vine and fig-tree's shade.
Nor ever, in this coming Age,
Shall man, with man, a warfare wage ;
No tears suffuse a weeping eye,
No orphan's wail, no widow's cry ;
Health, plenty, peace, shall still command
Continued bounties through the land !
The crowning gift that heaven can give,
The highest boon man can receive,
Lives in the promise of the WORD
That all men yet shall know the LORD !

No affirmations can be found
Within Heaven's sacred Volume bound,
Nor stronger pledges ever given,
Than those expressed in words from Heaven !
Which, in their HOLY WRIT, presage
A second, coming GOLDEN AGE !
When wars, pains, jealousies, shall cease,
And, in their place, come gentle peace !
No sorrow's tears affliction prove,
Where all is charity and love ;
No sense of hunger can men know
Where "milk and honey overflow !"
Feasts, "for all people," at all hours,
Within their vine and fig-tree bowers ;
Perennial feasts, through time to come,
While Heaven to man affords a home !

And this "new kingdom," bless the WORD,
"Shall stand forever," saith the LORD !

* * * * *

He, who through many years, has come
To find, Heaven grant ! a lasting home,
Sees "sweet, green fields," of Jordan's land,
Still in unclouded beauty stand ;
Where plighted faith may never fail ;
And ever, kindly deeds prevail—
Where, all within, is peace and joy,
Which outward foes may not destroy ;
Where flowers of fragrance never fade—
Vouchsafe that there my home be made !
With other men, in full accord,
Who love the neighbor—first the Lord ;
With whom no stronger efforts move,
Than to excel in deeds of love !

$$1884 - 1796 = 88$$

TIME never falters, in his force,
But holds his measured, even course ;
Nor ever, since the world begun,
Has gained one moment, lost not one ;
Resistance to his power is vain,
And we all follow in his train.
The first born motion is of love,
Both mind and matter, onward move ;
And while these followed Heaven's behest,
Man, mind, and matter, all were blest !

When charity inspired the mind,
And man to man was ever kind,
Self-love was not, or, if in birth,
Had gained small influence on earth,—
When each was truthful, faithful found,
Earth's high humanities were crowned !
These were the days which served to prove
The priceless gift of mutual love ;
In kindly acts of use expressed,
Which ancient manhood ever blessed.

Such were the friendly deeds of old,
Which erst were called the "AGE OF GOLD ;"
But now, alas ! unknown to fame,
Beyond the mention of the name !

In later days, all may behold
The strife for power, the grasp for gold ;
Self-love is striding through our land ;
And *must* we bow, at his command?
Bow ! never let the demon come
Where peace and kindness have their home ;
Where each, to others, willing stands,
Waiting to aid, with ready hands !

Those earlier days, in which man strove
T' excel, in deeds of mutual love,
When freed from selfish care, and strife,
And use became his love of life,—
Were blessings Heaven alone could give,
And only man the same receive.
Though self-love now pervades our land,
And many yield to his command,
Pervert these gifts of heavenly birth,
To basest purposes of earth,—
Still we rejoice, while promise comes
Of peace restored to happy homes !
Of man reformed, whose daily food
Seems inspiration to do good !
Those who for kindly deeds unite
In doing good find their delight,
Will leave a worthy name, at last,
In the blest memories of the past.
Order Divine will come again,
And health, peace, plenty, thenceforth reign ;
And these bright days—bless we the WORD—
“Shall stand forever,” saith the LORD.

The Golden Rule ! in how few words
The Book of Life this law records !
Simple and few, though strong in deed,
Which every one, who runs, may read !
May live, and thus avoiding strife,
Enjoy, on earth, a happy life !
All of the countless forms of LOVE,
From Heaven's full fountain live and move.
One LIFE, one SUBSTANCE, yea, one SOUL,
Creates, inspires, and rules the whole !
All evil from man's self-hood comes,
To mar the peace of happy homes ;
While power is given, to him, alone,
To love the LORD, and sin disown.

Ere evil loves and worldly strife
Fought the beatitudes of life ;
And men, for Heaven's high blessings made,
To deeds of darkness were betrayed ;
Then those, before in peace and rest,
Were of their EDEN dispossessed !
Debased, not ruined ! Lo, this WORD
Came forth from Him, our KING, our LORD,
That peace on earth should yet be given,
And earth become the type of Heaven !

All the degrees of life, or state,
To those, next higher, first relate ;
The higher forms the next inspire
With their influent, vital fire ;
And thus, throughout creation's bound,

Life moves in one accordant round ;
Each one to others' need will give,
Who may, in turn, the same receive :
Thus men of self-love dispossess,
Are ever blessing, ever blest !
Heaven's kindly acts, in order, move,
As charity flows forth from love ;
The will, from which all goods proceed,
Is ever kindred to the deed,
And causes, which the world direct,
Are relatives to their effect.
Do not these speaking truths proclaim,
All lower things from higher came ?
From INMOST LIFE, through Heaven to earth,
('T was thus creation came to birth) —
Came down to depths of earth, and stone ;
Where HEAVEN'S warm sunlight never shone !
There human industries are found,
There precious gems, and gold, abound
Which man successfully has wrought ;
The price of all that can be bought.

Thus, from earth's ultimates, arise
The gifts, which mankind highly prize ;
And all earth's bounties ever move
Heaven's ceaseless kindness thus to prove !

What if similitudes, on earth,
Are, truly, of celestial birth ?
And each, to other, ever tend,
As love to kindness, friend to friend ;

If everything, since time began,
Has had its semblance, here, with man?
May not all things, in life's clear light,
Through correspondence, thus unite?
Thus man was formed—such is the WORD—
Image, and likeness, of the LORD!
A spirit, in an earthly home,
Awaiting angel's life to come!

When earth is free from care and strife,
And use becomes the joy of life—
When LOVE and WISDOM rule the mind,
Another EDEN earth will find,
Where health, peace, plenty, will abound,
Through future years' continued round!

Men, on the mountain of GOD'S LOVE,
Will yet their "feasts of fat things prove;"
The liberal fare again be laid,
Where none, intrusive, "make afraid;"
And there will every worthy guest
Be hailed with, Welcome, to the feast!
When Heaven, with earth, so nearly meets,
May not each walk their golden streets?
While some might pause, and waiting stand,
To clasp the coming neighbor's hand;
A pledge which friends to friends impart,
To quicken love and warm the heart;
To seal—thus often, it seems good—
Their covenant of brotherhood.

Some men now are—whose vision seems
To other men, as idle dreams—
Who, on their moral, mountain heights,
Behold the flamy, purpling lights,
Which, to their inner sense, presage
The coming of a happier age.

Benevolence delights in use :
Free from perversion, or abuse :
With Life's great purpose understood,
That each, to others, should do good.
This is a virtue man takes hence ;
Surviving merely time, and sense ;
Rising above terrestrial strife,
Upward, into angelic life !
To heavenly courts, where good men tend,
Neighbor to neighbor, friend to friend.

A certain man, who fain would go
From Zion's mount to Jericho,
By thieves, as thitherward he sped,
Was wounded, beaten, left half dead !
On earth's cold carpet, bleeding, laid,
Without a friend, to lend him aid !
A priest, and Levite, him espied ;
But both passed, on the other side ;
Neither did any help afford ;
Nor, even, spoke one kindly word !

But soon another trav'ler came—
Samaritan, his Scripture name—

Who raised the fallen from the ground ;
Dressed, and bound up his every wound ;
Pouring therein the oil and wine —
Emblems of good and truth DIVINE —
Then took him to an Inn, and there
Provided for his future care !

Now which call we the happier man ?
Wayfarer, or Samaritan :
Him, who was wounded by the thieves ;
Him, who the half-dead man relieves ?
Samaritan, whom all call good ;
Or way-man, weak from loss of blood ?
The answer comes, in clearest voice —
Saver, and saved, alike rejoice !

When good Samaritans increase,
And all those things, which make for peace ;
When wayfarers, throughout the land
May pass, nor fear a hostile hand ;
Where men of charity abound, —
And priest, and Levite, rarely found ;
Then Paradise, in its rebirth,
Will reappear, to bless the earth !

What blessings men of earth await,
Who, in their first and frail estate,
Strive with their soul, heart, strength, and hands,
To live, and love, Heaven's first commands !
And, through their inmost powers, to prove,
First, love to GOD, next neighbor's love !

Welcome ! the promised days to come,
Of plenty, peace, the happy home ;
All things, of earth, will then show, even,
Their bright similitude to Heaven !
Where mutual kindness lives, and moves,
It calls forth man's still higher loves ;
Then will the great truth be displayed —
Scarce less than angels men were made !
And Edens all good men await,
Which blessed mankind's primeval state.

* * * * *

He who counts eighty *plus* eight years ;
How brief remaining time appears !
When the appointed hour may come
To call him to his spirit home,
When light, immortal, on him gleams,
Would not "lie down to pleasant dreams,"
But seek to join with those who stood
Ready to do his neighbor good :
In life's high uses joys are given,
The peace of earth, the bliss of heaven !

$$1885 - 1796 = 89$$

A PERFECT order Time displays ;
Weeks follow months, from weeks come days ;
Minutes and seconds — moments, all,
Come forth, obedient to his call !
His wheels move on, with steady force,
Though all men strove to check their course ;
Nor he for empires, kings, or thrones,
A partial favor ever owns ;
True to his mission, forth will go,
Whether it be for weal or woe !
Yet in his office ever true,
He gives to every one his due ;
And each, and all, his gifts will prove,
According to each ruling love.

Since Time his earthly course began,
LIFE'S greatest miracle is man !
Though mortal, in his first estate,
All immortality await ;
Reason to him alone is given ;
While freedom crowns this gift of HEAVEN.
Man's life contains its countless springs ;
Its vital fibres, living strings —
Brain, muscle, mind, nerve, all which bless
Humanity with happiness.

Which elements, combined, afford
To man the likeness of the LORD !
In health, these movements all appear
Ever accordant, ever clear ;
And, while this order thus obtains,
Man fears no fevers, feels no pains !

These human sensories all move,
Inspired to act from INMOST LOVE.
Thus every organ, great and small,
Act for the benefit of all !
Such harmony to man was given
While he remained a type of HEAVEN.
When life, in order, thus goes forth,
Then man is at his highest worth.

When each for others' use is found,
True love and wisdom must abound
In man ; but, be it understood,
In him whose love is doing good !

Unhappy man, whose wishes move
In bonds prescribed by selfish love ;
Who knows not, nor desires to know
The joys which from affection flow ;
Whose blood ne'er quickens in his veins
Except to hear of worldly gains ;
Whose only thought from hour to hour,
Springs from the hope of higher power ;
His constant strife — alas, how vain ! —
Is earth's supremacy to gain !

But let such folly disappear ;
Now higher, holier hopes seem near—
Hopes of earth's PARADISE restored ;
Which have the promise of the LORD.

All true humanity unites
To share with others their delights ;
Compassionates in their distress,
Whom pain or sorrow may oppress ;
But happier far is he who greets,
For their good fortune, all he meets.
In kindly deeds on earth are some
Who thus foretaste the joys to come.

As mutual love, in force, declined,
Man to his neighbor grew less kind ;
Then soon the baleful strife began,
That each should rule his fellow man !
Such was the power of selfish birth
Which rent the earliest church of earth.
When Eden fell ! then came the WORD,
Forth from the promise of the LORD,
That other EDENS, yet, should come
To bless man's last and happiest home !

CELESTIAL CHURCH ! will this on earth
Bless man again, in its re-birth ?
And primal manhood, as it stood,
Inspired, in purpose, to do good ?
Earth's earlier ages ! how they shine,
Warmed and illumed through LOVE DIVINE,

When man, above all earthly strife,
Enjoyed a nearly angel-life !
When seeming, sentient earth, then strove
To rival spirit, in her love,
Sent up to man, in measure good,
The richest, best sustaining food :
Those happiest days, when time began —
Will those again revisit man ?

The skeptic asks, Who has foretold
This coming back of days of old,
When love, peace, plenty, shall abound
Throughout the earth's continued round ?
And when will earth, with unseen hand,
Send up the bounties of the land ?
Does strongest faith, through clearest glass,
Believe these things will come to pass ?
Yes ! be assured ; for thus He said
Who both the HEAVENS and earth hath made !

Bless we the LORD of Life and Love,
Who rules the earth, from LIFE above ;
Whose ever-faithful WORD, and TRUE,
Shows all things are becoming new.

As human fibres, great and small,
Move for the good of each, and all,
So every organ lives and moves,
Each prompted by its several loves.
In health, these countless motions fall
Exact, accordant, one and all !

In social life, where order reigns,
Such correspondence there obtains.
On earth, where men are free from strife,
With mutual love their rule of life,
Each like to other, and agree,
As INMOST LOVE, with charity,—
One highest purpose fills the heart,
That each, to others, should impart
Those blessings HEAVEN so freely gives,
And man, in freedom, thus receives.

What man, through visual sense, perceives,
All that he readily believes?
But what past history supplies,
He claims the right to criticise,
To question, doubt, perhaps deny
With seeming lack of charity !

Had THEBES her hundred brazen gates,
As Grecian poetry relates?
Or, graver still—an answer give—
Did such a man as HOMER live?
And at THERMOPYLÆ's famed gate,
Some twelve score Spartans hold the strait
'Gainst Xerxes' millions, in their might,
Through many days' continued fight?
Did GREECE a monster-horse employ,
Which took their chieftains into Troy?
Or, Æneas, from the city's fire,
On his young shoulders bear his sire ;

Lead forth in hand, from blazing TROY,
CREUSA, and their darling boy?
What folly this? since 'tis so plain
TROY was the myth of VIRGIL's brain !

These are emphatic, doubting days ;
The ready skeptic ever says
The *storied facts* of former times
Are but the ancient POET's rhymes ;
And what to others truthful seems,
The skeptic says are idle dreams?
Yet skeptics are, in doubt's despite,
Who see the coming, gleaming light,
Whom LIFE, in its creative LOVE,
To higher purposes may move,
'Till earthly scruples cease their strife,
And use becomes their joy of life !
For love, in act, will crown life even
Through earth's last date, to life in Heaven !

But let the men of truth and love
All these distrusts and doubts remove ;
To bless the LORD of LIFE, on high,
Who dwells in HIS ETERNITY ;
Who in HIS BOOK of LIVING WORDS,
His glorious promises records ;
Which, to the smallest tittle, even,
Will come, and in the name of HEAVEN :
Yes ! TRUTH will stand, in doubt's despite,
To guide man through earth's longest night,

Dispel all gloomy cares and fears,
And flourish through perennial years.

Among the gifts of LIFE, to man,
Since Time on earth its course began,
Priceless, pre-eminent, in wealth,
Is the bright diadem of health ;
A boon from the celestial fires
Which LOVE divine alone inspires ;
Teaching those, willing to be taught,
How all true joys to earth are brought ;
And how, in order, all things move,
When prompted from a kindred love ;
When men, scarce less than angels made,
Their constant, kindly acts displayed ;
Whose highest love they gave the LORD,
Next, each to each, did his afford.

In age, man's pleasures often come
Through memories of earthly home,
Of father's, mother's, sister's love,
Which life's endearments ever prove —
And when his conscience says that he
Is in the life of charity,
Is striving, both with heart and hands,
To live in heaven's two great commands —
To such, bright visions must appear,
That heavenly happiness is near.

When men, in order, all may stand,
The strong, to aid the weaker hand ;

Where none contend, though each one tries
To rival, in his charities ;
When neighbor's love shall once more reign,
Heaven's gifts will all bless man again.

The mythologic HOMER states,
And, in his flowing verse, relates
A truth which seems of spirit birth,
But typified in words of earth —
That one extended, golden chain,
Together binds heaven, earth and main ;
Of sympathetic links which, even
Conjoin humanity to heaven !
On which, men of the angelic class,
Upward, and downward, each might pass :
And Jacob's ladder, on earth set,
Rose till the top the heavens met !
Through which, as with the chain of gold,
Angels with men communed of old !
And will again, when all men move,
Living the life of mutual love.

All things created were for use ;
And use will serve, free from abuse,
Perennial gifts, of spirit birth,
Which will forever bless the earth ;
Unless to evils they descend —
Where goods, perverted, ever end !

Earth's ultimates will rise again,
As, to the clouds, returns the rain ;

Thus yielding man, in measure good,
His daily, health-sustaining food.
All earthly vapors ever rise,
Even to fountains of the skies,
And there await divine command
To fall and fertilize the land.
Like as the dew, from Hermon's fount,
Daily enriches Zion's mount,
Returns again to Hermon's height,
Day unto day, night unto night —
On Zion, thus from days of yore,
Are promised blessings ever more —
So all heaven's blessings, ever move
Through rounds of never ending Love !

Now, though we search the world around,
No self-existence can be found ;
Both men, and angels, live each hour,
Quicken'd to act, through higher power ;
Each world, of worlds, must ever move
Through the descending ONLY LOVE —
Through mediate forms, which come to bless
Receptive man with happiness ;
And thus to every form, Life gives
The vital force, which each receives,
From those, who claim a higher birth,
Down to the lowest forms of earth ;
One LIFE, one ever living SOUL,
All things creates, all will control !

All lower things, whate'er their name,
Through those next higher, ever came ;
And each to other like, we find,
Whether of matter or of mind :
Such correspondences pervade
All things which LOVE DIVINE has made.
Thus LIFE, Infinite in its ends,
In heavenly order now descends,
Through man, celestial in his birth,
Down to the lowest things of earth,
And ever rising upward, even,
The circle fills, from earth to heaven !

Where all of earth in order move,
There lives and prospers mutual love,
When priceless gifts to man descend,
And seem, in ultimates, to end :
But LIFE, CREATIVE, *never* dies ;
From LOVE it came, to LIFE will rise.
Thus Jacob's ladder-vision shows
While some descended, others rose,
Each with its kindly mission, even,
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;
And thus earth's bounties ever move
Through ceaseless rounds of *Life* or *Love*.

When hearts beat strong, and ready hands
Strive to obey LIFE's high commands —
When the great Precepts of the WORD,
Love to the neighbor — first the Lord —

When these become the law of life,
Supplanting self-love, envy, strife,
Then look, in faith, for the rebirth
Of promised Paradise on earth ; —
The Golden Age, again restored.
Such is the promise of the LORD :
A covenant, of LOVE DIVINE,
Of which, earth's rainbow is the sign.

* * * * *

Pilgrim, whose age we now define,
Counts up his years to eighty-nine ;
A little longer watch and wait,
Ere he attains his final state.
Still, for his guidance, trust the LORD,
And heeds the lessons of HIS WORD ;
And, when his earthly strength may fail,
Let love of doing good prevail ;
So may the boon he carries hence,
Survive the date of time and sense ;
In acts of kindness be employed,
And heavenly uses thus enjoyed.

1886 — 1796 = 90

TIME would my days once more recount,
To state, in years, their just amount ;
And, in his record, it appears,
He adds them up to ninety years !
How swift Time flies ! a year scarce seems,
At first thought, longer than some dreams ;
When, in kind-tempered Autumn days,
The sun his milder heat displays ;
While yet no evening frosts have come
To cause a chill to hearth and home ;
When Autumn's leaves, by day so bright,
Give place to sunset's golden light :
The tea time past, which cheers men's hearts,
Nor injury to them imparts ;
Then, scarce will conversation's charms
Prevent our trust to Morpheus' arms,
Whom ancient history, it seems,
Ennobled as " the god of dreams,"
Whose falsehoods, even from his youth,
By far transcend his utter'd truth ;
Then weary — with full freedom blest,
I seek the downy pillow's rest ;
When soon my journey I commence
With slight regard to time and sense ;
Viewing all wonders with delight,
As in the noonday's clearest sight ;

Scanning all people, as I pass,
Of highest or of lowest class ;
Saluting all and each I meet,
As neighbor would his neighbor greet !
I pass through courts of kingly power
With matchless speed, each, every hour ;
And whate'er language they may speak,
English, French, German, Latin, Greek,
All questions asked, I answer, each
In words according with their speech ;
And, though a man of unknown home,
Their boon companion I become,
Feed on the bounties of their land,
With every kindness at command !
And I — hold ! HOLD ! — my muse now speaks !
No more of these vain, foolish freaks !
You still are dreaming ; wake ! I say,
With opening eyes, to clearing day ;
These idle visions throw aside,
Nor evermore with these abide !

Have I been caught in dreamland snares ?
And stamped with folly, unawares ?
So it would seem ; but now appears
The memory of my early years :
Brighter and clearer, this now shines,
E'en as I utter these last lines ;
And never more will I engage,
Through dreams, to measure time or age !
Give Time due credit, ever, when
He figures with a truthful pen,

Who never yet was known to make
In his accounts the least mistake.

We live in a peculiar age,
Where fancy leads and follies rage,
Where changing faith, and strife for power,
Form the chief features of the hour :
We daily read of war's alarms,
And almost hear the clash of arms !
Of thousands slain, the record comes,
Paining earth's former happy homes !

And now come days of civil strife,
Which mar the sympathies of life ;
And selfish purposes control
The holiest motions of the soul.
The Church, now militant, appears,
Mourning her loss, in these last years ;
Their broken creeds, and faith grown cold,
With halting Pastors of their fold ;
While some seem others to decry,
Perhaps through lack of charity :
Distrusts, doubts, fears, the Church assail —
But better counsel may prevail.

But do these tumults now presage
The ruin of the present age ?
Are the beatitudes of life
To disappear, through earthly strife ?
While every promise of the WORD
Is still endorsed, " Thus saith the LORD ! "

Will all of earth be dispossessed
Of earthly joys, and heavenly rest?
No, no ! a thousand times, say NO !
For all these evils serve to show
A consummation, of the past,
With brighter, happier days at last,
To show heaven's promise ever true :
Behold ! "now, all things I make new !"
The covenant of LOVE DIVINE,
Of which earth's rainbow is the sign.

That consummations must appear,
Our moral atmosphere to clear,
Ere love to God, and neighbor's love,
Alone, can man's affections prove,
Till mutual love, again, shall rise,
And tears no more suffuse the eyes ;
Till men shall form one brotherhood,
And find delight in doing good ;
When pains and penalties shall cease,
And men of earth may dwell in peace :
Then Paradise, in its rebirth,
Will yet again revisit earth !

The men of earth two lives may claim :
Mortal, immortal, speak their name ;
Mortal, from first to latest breath ;
Immortal, never knowing death !
Two natures, be it understood,
One tends to evil, one to good ;
With given power, to every one,

Either to take, or either shun ;
Two characters may each acquire,
Each moulded from his own desire ;
One leaves, to mem'ry's gladdened sight,
The lessons which the heart delight ;
One dies, unknown to friend, or fame,
Nor leaves the initials of a name ;
One seeks a time, as moments fly,
To exercise his charity ;
Another strives each, every hour,
To gain new subjects of his power !

Man, ever seeking his own end,
Knows no poor neighbor, to befriend ;
Hears not the voice that cries for bread,
Nor sees the tears which orphans shed ;
Has not a thought of others' pains,
While he, in health and strength remains ;
Who never yet has understood
That joys arise from doing good ;
Neither, that man's each kindly deed
Comes back in blessings, in his need ;
Nor dreams that bread, on waters cast,
Returns, when many days are past ;
His ruling love is power and pelf,
Which all must centre in himself !

All men true happiness may prove
Who rise from self to neighbor's love ;
The men of wealth we may commend,
Who thrive, in kindly acts, to spend ;

The poor, who in good deeds delight,
Are rich men in true spirit sight ;
All good intents, whate'er their cost,
Were never to their author lost ;
Each kindly thought each helpful word,
A truthful pen will sure record,
Where bright remembrances appear,
Which brighter grow from year to year.

Truth is a power, through quickening love,
Which even mountains may remove,
While falsehood stands, with ready hand,
To spread all evil through the land.
Through living truths men might behold
The new, descending "AGE OF GOLD !"
And coming Edens, to afford
Proofs of the promise of the LORD,
Which brings to faith, in clearer view,
That all things are becoming new ;
Slow their approach to many seems,
And prized, by most, as idle dreams ;
Faith holds the surety of the LORD,
Of *Paradise*, to earth restored :
That living charities, which, even
More closely bind mankind to heaven,
To human vision, show more clear
That happier days for man are near.
Hence comes the order, all may scan,
"PEACE BE ON EARTH ; GOOD WILL TO MAN."
These are the words the LORD has spoken :
Let man regard the heavenly token.

The man, to charity inclined,
His highest happiness may find
In mutual uses, freely given,
Which point the way from earth to heaven !
And those of earth, who yet may wait
Their highest, happiest, blest estate,
Will find their every kindly deed,
A heavenly blessing will succeed !

Truth is the form which good inspires,
And use the end, which life desires ;
CREATIVE FORCE, WISDOM and LOVE,
Thro' which, all things are made that move —
When these, on earth, "were very good,"
Then men "scarce less than angels" stood !
Then was the Paradise of earth,
The Church Celestial, in its birth :
No man, with neighbor, ever strove,
But to excel in deeds of love ;
Nor in self purposes engage :
This was, indeed, the "GOLDEN AGE !"
When hands were strong and hearts beat high,
All active in their charity.

Among the priceless gifts of HEAVEN,
Freedom, to man was ever given,
To love the neighbor—first the LORD —
Which may Angelic life afford ;
Or, man pervert, in the belief
That he, of kings, is now the chief !

One sees an active world engage,
Men of all characters, and age ;
He notes their course, seeks their address,
And weighs their prospect of success :
Thus men, as friends, together meet,
And, like as friends, each other greet ;
Alas ! not all, in their address,
Their truthful purposes express ;
Many, through craft and shame, descend
To ruin him they call a friend !
Thus heaven's best gifts, in their abuse,
Evils become, through their misuse !
But let it not be understood,
Evil has triumphed over good,
Nor join the skeptic's taunting strain —
Why was mankind thus formed in vain ?
LOVE, still the LORD of LIFE, remains,
Who rules the heavens, and sin restrains ;
Is ever ready, ever gives
All good, which willing, man receives.

But here the skeptic comes, once more,
With " what ? " " why ? " " wherefore ? " as before ;
Full of disquiets, doubts, disgusts,
And, rashly, PROVIDENCE distrusts !
Irreverent mortal, who can move
To doubt the laws of LIFE and LOVE !
To challenge DEITY, and scan
The laws of LIFE, from GOD to man !
Vain critic, thus of Heaven complains,
And LOVE and WISDOM thus arraigns !

If all the powers of heaven and earth
Were truly of celestial birth,
And, if OMNIPOTENCE and LOVE
The happiness of all would prove,
Whence do these tears, pains, trials come,
Which visit oft our hearth and home?
Why now do crimes of deepest dye
Supplant the deeds of charity?
While yet, INFINITE LOVE, each hour—
A LOVE conjoined with boundless power—
Would in heaven's happiness embrace
All members of the human race?

Thus do these querists reprove, even,
The LOVE which rules both earth and heaven ;
That would to all, all blessings give
Which man, in freedom, will receive.

Man, in full manhood, ne'er was found
Until with will and reason crowned,
When he in balance freely stood
Between the evil and the good.
The arbiter of heavenly birth,
The gift of LOVE DIVINE to earth ;
Freedom of man, himself, appears
As governor of all his years :
'T is freedom's gift to all mankind,
Which makes or mars, the human mind.
Yet men there are, e'en at this hour,
Who say LOVE's plenitude of power

Will yet *compel* all men to come
Unto a heavenly, happy home !

How many terms language affords —
But never more discordant words :
Compulsion ! where this lives and reigns,
Look there for penalties and pains,
But NEVER, NEVER, there to find
One happy or one peaceful mind !
Compulsive joy ! what book affords
Two other such combative words !

All true delights, of heaven and earth,
Through will and freedom have their birth ;
Those gifts divine, which rise up even
From life on earth to life in heaven !
No happiness can come, in course,
Imposed by mere coercive force ;
True joys of life must ever move
Through freedom, active in its love.

Heaven speed the promised days of yore
For man's behoof, forevermore ;
When pains and penalties shall cease,
And mankind thenceforth dwell in peace ;
When, on the mountain of GOD'S LOVE,
These blessed bounties men may prove,
Where peace perennial thenceforth reigns,
And man his PARADISE regains !
" Feasts of fat things," by heaven's hand laid,
And spread where fig-trees cast their shade ;

“Feasts for all people ; wine refined,”
Food for the body ; food for mind,
For each and every pleasant home,
With happy years assured to come.

* * * * *

Friends I address ! my pen inclines
To write a *Brief* of these *last lines* ;
And in few words strive to express
Whence troubles come, whence happiness.
First, happiness is understood
To flow from love of doing good ;
And, herein, mankind may behold
Signs of the coming AGE OF GOLD !
The clearest, brightest vision even
Vouchsafed to man of life in heaven !

But sorrows ever live, and move,
Through inspiration of self-love ;
Presenting envy, hatred, strife,
The likeness of infernal life !
Where, some inclined to act the knave,
Would of his neighbor make a slave ;
And, as perverted man we scan,
We see the image of a man,
Possessing, still, a human soul,
Which inhumanities control.

How youth's glad scenes, in later age,
The happiest thoughts of man engage ;

When earth-born recollections come,
Rejoicing every pleasant home ;
Recurring thoughts of youthful days,
Reaching to childhood's earliest plays,
Which cheer life even to old age,
With scarce a blot to soil the page !
And ever tending to incline
The mind of man to LOVE DIVINE.

He, who through holy WRIT hath said,
All things of earth by Him were made,
In other, ever living words,
This further *Scripture* thus records,
In heavenly language, ever true :
“Behold ! now all things I make new !”

How full of promise is the WORD,
Of Paradise to earth restored,
That, from the heights of HEAVENLY LOVE,
Men shall their future EDENS prove ;
Each in his Vine and Fig-tree's bower,
Nor fearing any hostile power !
There, cry of hunger, no one hears,
Nor ever sees the widow's tears ;
Knows not the penalties of pains,
Where health, enduring, ever reigns ;
Nor fears that jealousies may come
To mar the harmonies of home ;
And thus on earth displaying, even,
Earth's corresponding form of heaven.

What happy days mankind await,
As they attain that high estate,
When neighbor's, joined to heavenly love,
All true beneficence shall prove ;
When kindest deeds of manhood, even,
Shall rise from earth and reach to heaven !
There dwells no envy, ill-will, strife,
Where use becomes the joy of life ;
And happiest men are ever found
Where deeds of charity abound,
And mutual acts of kindness rise,
Awaking life's humanities ;
When every man, O ! happy hour !
Each in his Vine and Fig-tree's bower,
Shall live in peace — a blessed home
Where offered evil cannot come,
And threats of violence, if made,
None could inflict, none " make afraid !"

The promise is of heavenly birth,
That Edens, yet, shall bless the earth ;
Graces and gifts vouchsafed to man,
Gifts he enjoyed, when time began ;
And why doubt we these heavenly words
Which thus the BOOK OF LIFE records ?

Haste ! promised days of happy homes,
Where neither pain nor peril comes ;
When each, within his shady bower,
May, in his use, enjoy each hour ;

Peace universal then will reign,—
Thus man his Paradise will gain.
Such is the type of peace which flows
From honest labor's calm repose,
Giving man strength each, every day,
His earthly uses to display ;
And rising thence, to states above,
Till man becomes a power of love ;
When combats cease, where kindness reigns,
And man true liberty obtains.

High from the Mount of LOVE DIVINE,
Whence comes the LIVING BREAD AND WINE,
Feasts *for all people*, men shall share,
The gift of Heaven's enduring care ;
"Things full of marrow, wine refin'd,"
Sustaining man — matter and mind.
Blessings divine, of highest worth,
Descend, in ultimates, to earth ;
Descend to rise : thus ever move
Through circles of continued LOVE,
Where no disquiet ever comes,
To Eden's recreated homes !

How many gracious, cheering words
The BOOK OF LIFE to man affords ;
The covenants of LOVE DIVINE,
Of which earth's rainbow is the sign.
And boundless Love all these will give
That man, in freedom, will receive.

Surely, the lessons of the WORD
Prefigure Paradise restored.

Strange that frail man will doubt the word
Clearly endorsed, "*Thus saith the Lord!*"
That health, peace, plenty will be found
Again, through Canaan's utmost bound !
That Edens will, in their re-birth,
Restore the type of heaven to earth,
Where kindly deeds and neighbor's love
A second "*Golden Age*" may prove !

As mutual friends each other greet
When in companionship they meet,
All active, and in kindly mood,
Each strives to do his neighbor good,
No matter where their house or homes,—
To these, heaven's blessing ever comes !
The promised time accomplished, when
Peace comes to earth, good will to men !

$$1887 - 1796 = 91$$

HOW some glad scenes, in memory's sight,
In aftertime afford delight !
Remembrances of earliest plays,
Recurring in our later days ;
And each and every time they come
Are fraught with incidents of home ;
Of happy homes ! which ever prove
The blessings of domestic love.
'There, cries of hunger no ones hears,
Nor sees deep sorrow's falling tears ;
For mutual love there brings to earth
The priceless gifts of heavenly birth ;
'There, in the absence of all strife,
Mankind may lead a happy life,
Where they heaven's great command may prove,
And, next the Lord, the neighbor love.
Then must not skeptics witness, even
Earth's Paradise, a type of heaven?
A token of Eternal Love,
Which skeptics even, may improve !
Love, in its highest sense, display'd,
Presents the Power, which all things made ;
Calls up afresh on every page
Remembrance of the Golden Age,
With deep felt longings of the mind
For their return to bless mankind.

Evil, on earth's primeval day,
Did not its direful form display,
And use, in absence of all strife,
Was with mankind their law of life.
Then, as the heavenly language ran,
Was peace on earth, good will to man !
In other words, the record stood,
"That all on earth was very good."
Then Paradise her charms display'd
To men, scarce less than angels made ;
And all humanity stood forth
As men when at their highest worth,
And Canaan was the earthly sign
Of things celestial, and divine.
The fields their living green display'd,
And vines and fig-trees formed their shade.
Life then on earth appeared, even,
As the bright portraiture of heaven !

Woe worth the day, when self-love came
And brought to earth th' unwelcome name
Of conflicts, of a spirit-birth,
Then even reaching men of earth ;
From which a train of evil flows
Which new infirmities disclose ;
Show earth's debasement to increase,
While all things pause which make for peace.

Are halcyon days of earth all past?
Do sin and sorrow rule at last?

With emphasis we answer *No* !
For heavenly testimonies show
That Love Supreme still rules the land
And will its destinies command.
How full of promise is the Word
Of earthly Edens all restored !
When sin and sorrow cease to reign,
And mutual love shall rule again !
Sure, He who made heaven, earth, and main,
Can *all* His promises sustain.

But here the skeptics, once more, are,
With olden queries — now threadbare,
Ask why the Lord, of Supreme Power,
Should suffer evil, for an hour?
But Love Eternal, understood,
Has power alone for doing good.
While human evils He restrains,
Even through penalties and pains ;
Good is eternal, true life, *use* ;
Evil of time — of man's abuse.

Thus each and all, their joys will prove,
According to their ruling love ;
The good will to their joys attain,
Free from the penalty of pain ;
The evil, who to sin incline,
Are subjects still of Love Divine.
Eternal Goodness ever waits
To raise men to their higher states.
Ready, indeed ! yes, ready now !
High as man's freedom will allow.

And would mankind cease to define
Anger, a trait of Love Divine !
Anger ! an evil never known
Till Paradise was overthrown,
(And which, to erring minds, may prove
Vindictiveness in heavenly Love,)
Was born when sin possessed the earth —
Should make no claim to heavenly birth.

Though heavenly gifts forever wait
To bless man in his earthly state,
Would come to every house and heart,
These heavenly blessings to impart,
And showing thus to every home
Bright types of Edens still to come —
Yet here comes freedom to elect
What to receive, and what reject.

This priceless gift to man heaven sends,
On which his happiness depends,
Which if improved by him, will even
Exalt humanity to heaven !
Yet much thus coming for man's use
Is turned to evil, through abuse.

While in all evil men remain,
No higher state can they attain.
Still Love Divine forever lives,
Still for man's good forever strives ;
And will to them freely ever give
What they in freedom will receive ;
Strives from their first to latest breath,
Into and through the way of death.

Never were known unkindness, strife,
Where heaven's commandments rule the life ;
But earthly Edens there were found
Throughout that consecrated ground.
The Church, celestial, came to earth
To bless the men of heavenly birth.
This was the time, described of old,
Well named, indeed, the Age of Gold !

Then man to man together stood,
And forming thus one brotherhood ;
When each and all men strove to prove
Their cherished law of mutual love,
And each one would, in kindly deed,
Contribute to his neighbor's need,
Which, like the bread on water cast,
The giver might receive at last.
Then were the days of happy birth,
Which blest the earliest Church of earth.

* * * * *

Good is of Love — of heavenly birth ;
Evil of time, and thus of earth ;
The first, humanity sustains,
Free from Time's penalty and pains,
While evil, with industrious hand,
Would, through self-love, enslave the land.

Herein are gifts of heavenly love
Offered to all, which all may prove ;
And scenes of sorrow, thus portray'd,
Which selfish man from choice has made.

Where envy, ill-will, constant strife
Form the chief traits of human life ;
Where each one striving, day and night,
Would make all vassals of his might —
There Eden fell ! — yet fell not all —
Many survived the dreaded call ;
Fell, to awake in glad surprise
In recreated Paradise !
With Canaan's peace again restored
Accordant with the heavenly Word.

Haste ! promised days of happy homes,
Where neither sin nor sorrow comes ;
Where each one in his fig-tree's bower
May, in his use, enjoy each hour.
Peace universal then will reign,
And man his Paradise regain.
High, on the mount of Love Divine,
Whence comes the living bread and wine —
Feasts for all people, men shall share
The gift of heaven's enduring care :
Blessings Divine, of highest worth,
Descend in ultimates to earth —
Descend to rise, thus ever move
Through circles of continued love.

Truth is the power inspired by love,
Which manhood's best affections prove ;
Which warms his will, inclines his hands
To live, thro' heaven's two great commands.
With these commandments, lived and loved,
Eden's return to earth is proved.

Then notes of praise to heaven will rise
From recreated Paradise,
And coming Edens show us, even,
Their corresponding form of heaven ;
While these two precepts bless the land,
And willing men heed their command ;
Then will those blessed words prove true,
“ Behold, now all things I make new ! ”
May love Divine still yield to earth
The living bread of heavenly birth —
And all who lived from this supply
Have promised immortality —
That Bread which Paradise enjoyed,
Where mutual uses were employed,
And men composed one brotherhood,
As each one strove for others' good.

Yet human life, when understood,
Seems freedom-formed — evil or good ;
And each will seek, sooner or late,
A place, according with his state ;
Ever to live, and strive to move,
With kindred spirits of their love ;
To join with those in full accord
Who love the neighbor—first the Lord,
Eschewing evil, self-love, strife,
All which embitter human life ;
Or, join with those they kindly greet,
Only to ruin all they meet ;
Who ever dwell in that unrest
Which faithful conscience will suggest.

Welcome, those happy, blessed days,
Days of thanksgiving, prayer, and praise,
When, from the height of heavenly love,
A crowning gift mankind may prove ;
And every gift of heavenly birth
Lives in its ultimates on earth ;
Lives in its uses ; finds its food
In ceaseless rounds of doing good.
Then on the mountain of heaven's height
Shall feast of fat things all delight,
Where purest wine may cheer the heart,
Yet still no injury impart ;
The purest wine on earth found, ever,
Cheers, but debases mankind never.
Tears will no more bedim the eyes
Where self retires, and envy dies,
And good will everywhere increase
As each and all men cherish peace.

Yet, happiest days on earth are found
Where loves domestic most abound,
And therein, to mankind afford
Proofs of earth's Paradise restored.
Thus to humanity is given
Earth's brightest type of life in heaven,
Where love perennial thenceforth reigns,
As man his Paradise regains.
How pleasant scenes, in memory's sight,
Brighten in their recurring light ;
When friend meets friend, in happy mood,
To feast on memory's favorite food ;

To live those happy seasons o'er
Which gave delight in days of yore,
And which to all friends seem more dear
As they improve them, year by year ;
And, as they cherish mutual love,
Will manhood's best affections prove.

Evil, however great its store,
Is good perverted — nothing more ;
Good is of Love, a heavenly birth,
The glory both of heaven and earth :
And in its going-forth, ascends,
While evil ever downward tends,
Seeks lower depths of sin and shame,
Leaving to each the evil name.

* * * * *

O ! were it better understood,
For each and all men's present good,
Blessings Divine would ever come
To each well ordered, happy home !
Where peace enduring thenceforth reigns,
And man his Paradise regains ;
When, from the mount of Love Divine,
Whence comes the living Bread and Wine ;
Feasts for all people ; all may share
The gift of heaven's unceasing care :
High on the mount, where gifts abound,
Where evil deeds may not be found,
There, man heaven's great commands may prove,
And, as the Lord, his neighbor love.

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